

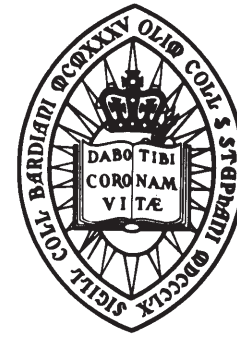
OBSERVER

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BARD OBSERVER



volume 1, number 2

Newspaper of the Bard Community

April 22, 1983

'Civil Liberties In Reagan's America'

ACLU President Speaks at Bard

by Noreen Regan

(On March 10, IRA Glasser, President of the American Civil Liberties Union, spoke at Bard on "Civil Liberties in Reagan's America." The following is from his lecture)

The Bill of Rights is a fragile instrument. It is not abstract like a declaration in that it is not simply a statement of ideals. It is concrete and enforceable, rooted and codified in the law. Nevertheless, the Bill of Rights remains a fragile instrument and that fragility has been made especially apparent by the Reagan Administration's continual attempts to dismantle it.

It was two and a half years ago that once again the civil liberties of American citizens became imperilled. That threat however, has not diminished and it continues to grow and become increasingly felt in Reagan's America. One might very well ask how is it that we have come to this point after winning these "rights which emerged out of a cauldron of real political struggle?" Why are a considerable number of Americans and their leaders losing sight of something as essential as the guarantee of their rights?

According to Glasser, "the culmination of the undifferentiated resentment and anger... about where the country was going found fruition in the Moral Majority movement and to some extent Reagan's election... in 1980... In early 1981, serious legislation started to be passed, impinging upon the values of religious freedom, in particular anti-evolution laws and the so called creationism statutes... which were introduced simultaneously... in eighteen different states in the first two months of 1981." The passage of these laws meant that wherever evolution was taught in school, creationism must also be taught not as religion, but as an alternate scientific theory. Clearly, this

was a contradiction of separation of church and state, and therefore also a violation of the 1st amendment.

However, the Administration's "ideal" logical commitment to undoing and weakening the very idea of rights "does not limit itself to that area. Its attempts at reviving preventive detention (incarcerating an individual without bail before trial) which is a power that is always used politically and rarely for the sole purpose of crime prevention, resembles the foundation on which politically oppressive governments such as El Salvador and Guatemala establish their power. According to Glasser, "only 2% of criminal acts are committed by those on bail." To prevent that 2%, the rights of too many people must be violated. There is no legitimate argument for its enactment.

Perhaps the Administration's most dangerous move has been its efforts to eliminate the jurisdiction of federal courts to hear cases involving school prayer, school desegregation, and abortion. These cases would have to be decided in the state courts which are basically "forums most responsive to the local political majority since judges are elected," and therefore have more regard for the constituents than the constitutionality of the issue.

The ACLU has been actively opposing the efforts of the Administration to diminish our civil liberties. "The interesting thing," Glasser says, "is that those people haven't gotten anything; not a single piece of legislation that they sponsored in Congress in these areas passed... What counts in these struggles ultimately is never what they (Administration) do... What always counts is what we do in response. The ability of a relatively small number of people... to mobilize themselves and to utilize success

fully the institutions of the system--the courts, Congress, media... to stop... an elected majority from denying rights is... a very important political lesson..."



Photo by Linda Gruntwagin

VIEWPOINTS...

To the Editor:

With regard to Kevin Foley's "Viewpoint," "Budget Meeting Ends in 15 Mins.": What is Mr. Foley complaining about exactly? Poor attendance at the forum meeting? He wasn't there to count heads, and there were enough heads to count that evening to make the voting procedure less aggravating than usual. A weak organizational structure? Since when is proper use of Robert's Rules of Order, resulting in the majority of people getting what they want, evidence of weak organizational structure? What was wrong with the student budget meeting?

Of course the meeting was attended well by the BBSQ, LAO, and all those other relatively important student clubs with large budgets to protect. The "small groups," as Mr. Foley calls the groups which I surmise were seeking to snip a little off those hefty budgets for themselves, either did not attend or were just silent.

Guy Yarden's motion to close discussion was approved because the groups represented by the attending students wanted the budget passed. These students knew what they were voting for, and that a truncated discussion would ensure minimum shrinkage in their budgets. The motion passed because a majority of students wanted the budget ratified without amendments. That is called democracy.

However, I do remember one student (I'd assume that he was representing one of the "small groups") who protested Guy's motion, screaming, "Do you know what you're doing! Do you know that you're voting to ratify the budget!", to which the majority with arms erect answered "Yes!" He was out of order, anyway. And I know about this, Kevin, because I was there.

Ann Lewinson

Dear Ann:

Granted, Mr. Foley did not attend the meeting; however, his observation about the weak organizational structure remains accurate. It is one of several problems with the student budget meeting.

Incidentally, a sound organizational structure does not rest entirely on proper use of Roberts' Rules of Order. It also depends on a good knowledge of the constitution which is something that at times is certainly lacking at our student forums. This is made evident by the repeated searching through it; not just for purposes of clarification either.

Surely Ann, you cannot ignore these problems. The only reason that enough people were present for a quorum was because of the money involved. Otherwise, the meeting would have been just like the one that followed most recently on April 12th, when we had to round up the people still remaining in Kline in order to achieve a grand total of twenty people--a fine representation of the Bard community!

I find it difficult to believe that you could forget Abe Levy, speaking on behalf of the Lit. Club, one of those "small groups" seeking to snip a little of those hefty budgets... Abe pleaded for what must have seemed an eternity to those who were eagerly awaiting Guy Yarden's motion to shut him up.

Despite the fact that this motion was in order, there is something very wrong with a system that initially allocates a mere \$400 to one of the few organizations that brings speakers to this campus; and then relegates it to the status of "small group"; and finally when Abe tries to protest the organization's inability to function under its current financial condition, he is in effect told to shut up by those same students that are served by the organization that he represents.

That is what was wrong with the student budget meeting. I know because I was there too.

Dear Editor:

Encouraged by the strong positive response to my last letter, I have decided to write another. The ranks of right-wingers at Bard are many--64 women and 34 men in the freshmen class alone! This silent majority could have much power if led by a superior leader.

Bard has a long history of conforming to non-conformity. I think it's time we seize power and start conforming to conformity. Women should wear dresses and men should wear ties. And no bell-bottoms! This would make things a lot easier and people would stop getting their gender confused. And let's stop this vegetarian nonsense at every meal. You know every red-blooded American eats meat at every meal. And what good person would want to put all those meat-raising farmers out of business anyway?

I'll tell you this--to really be proud of your college, your country, your nationality you really got to get rid of these low-lives.

I propose a strike just to give every Bard student an equal opportunity to become a right-winger. The appropriate date would be the anniversary of the last one, which was the first great victory of the silent majority at Bard.

The faithful would go to classes, ask for assignments and make-up work, (no true-bluer would let his grades suffer, heaven

Dear People:

I just received your flyer on the Milton Avery Graduate School of Art. It was bubbling over with pride and enthusiasm. I smiled...felt aglow...was infected...until 3/4 of the way down when it dawned on me what the actual realities were.

Since comments are welcomed: What are you doing? Well, I'm incredulous.

Just how does one combine muse, wonder, and the fertility of innocence? How do you keep this integrity and also be a school, man? Produce on time, perform on schedule for a grade, tap your mysteries for others' judgement? Since when does Creation Need a Credential?

I know that forced awareness leads to an uptight self-consciousness, a curse on the soul. Infected by reason, the Tao flees; the soul a slave, the ego imperial, inspiration a production of force, and creation a means of self-exploitation...

Well, it's been twenty years since Bard; twenty years of fine memories, but now I feel somewhat betrayed and truly embarrassed. What the hell is wrong?

Harvey Schaffer
Pompano Beach, Fla.

Editor's Note: The writer is a former Bard student (1958-62). He is addressing his questions to the Bard community because his letters concerning this matter and written to Leon Botstein and Jacob Grossberg have received no reply.



Contact box 123 for more information.

forbid) and politely leave class. Non-participating liberal-thinking students and faculty would be blockaded into their rooms and offices. Remember, the only way to make some people understand is through force. And just think, after that we can start reforming the United States, and then... the world!

I say all this with great seriousness and hope you understand what I'm really saying. After all, is life worth living if you're not proud of yourself?

R. Conwell Goudy

Dear Mr Goudy:

I certainly do not wish to discourage your developing radical conservatism or your correspondence with this paper. However, I say this with great seriousness: Do you understand what you're really saying?

BARD OBSERVER

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ISSUES and OPINIONS

HOUSING DEBATE CONTINUES

This is in response to the anonymous letter printed in the Issue & Opinions column in the last edition of the Observer, the letter concerned with Loton Springstead's alleged penchant for favoring "notorius seniors" and others simply by virtue of their notorius gender. I took amused offense to this letter for several reasons, the foremost being its near-illiterate quality, as I am a picky English major; the perverse sense of out-raged feminsm irritated me, as did the writer's obvious discontent at not being a "notorious senior". I am quite certain that had the author had her own double-single in one of the more desirable dorms, the letter would never have been written. My dear, may I go so far as to suggest that you have a personal bias toward the "notorius seniors" whom you deigned to mention by name? Has Bill Power upset you by making one too many noisy announcements at dinner? Has he refused you a free drink at Aldo's? Perhaps you have some grudge against Paul Carter, then. Don't you know the names of the two men who occupy Potter's top floor doubles?

Whatever Loton did or did not do while he was Housing Coordinator is of no matter; the man no longer decides who lives where, or who gets what. This is a small campus, and not all of the dorms offer presidential-type rooms; my niche in Stone Row barely accommodates the allotted furniture, and I am not a lowly freshman. You bring up the fact that there are "closets" passing as rooms in Blithewood; almost every dorm at Bard has some rooms that qualify as "closets" Have you visited Seymour or Hopson? Or Robbins? How about Stone Row? I would like to point out that Blithewood has some devilishly fine rooms, too; the place was never meant to house students, and when it was butchered to accommodate students, naturally all the end results left something to be desired.

Your argument states that there were 94 resident freshwomen this year, and 75 resident men. Naturally more men received singles: they've got to put those women somewhere... Just how many singles do you think this campus has?? Many of Blithewood's rooms are doubles, you can't put men into any of those rooms. You use the same baseless argument in reference to transfer-women having been unfairly dropped on Blithewood's senior residents; again, can they house transfer-men with those women? Blithewood is the only single-sex dorm at

Bard, and it is wholly-female; there is no all male dorm, much less one comprised mostly of doubles, in which to house all those incoming freshmen, or transfer males.

This year, Tewksbury had an unusually high percentage of male residents; the reasons for this are unknown, but they strike me as moot. If you must house rowdy freshmen males, what better place than the almost-indestructible Tewksbury? Perhaps you have seen the results: would YOU like to live in there? I spent two years in a Tewks room and I doubt that I'd care to return, even for a visit; it looks like a bad Animal House out-take in there.

I would like to know where your statistics concerning the ratio of men & women housed this Fall were obtained. To be extremely petty about it, just what would YOU have done with all those incoming freshmen? The doubles occupied by solitary men in Stone Row are not causing anyone any inconvenience there is no housing shortage this term. In fact, there are several empty rooms to be found around campus. Had You been assigned a double-single, as I said before, I very much doubt that you would be bitching right now.

You're nearly illiterate; I could have approached your letter from a purely technical point of view and decimated you in seconds. May I advise that next time you decide to submit something for public persual, you learn to write a bit more gracefully? If you can't write a concise, clear sentence, then ALL your arguments are going to come across as ill-conceived, whining complaints.

An all-male dorm is being considered for next year; I am against this, but see the arguments for its being instituted: if Blithewood exists, why shouldn't men have their own sanctuary? For your sake, however, I hope that the dorm chosen for this experiment has an equal number of doubles and singles (perhaps it should be completely doubles?); God forbid there should not be a perfect average. Perhaps the peer-counselors should be housed in the lounges, if only to make access to them a bit easier.

Phyllis Hanson

PS: Wouldn't it have frustrated you if I had not signed my name??

ANNANDALE HOTEL

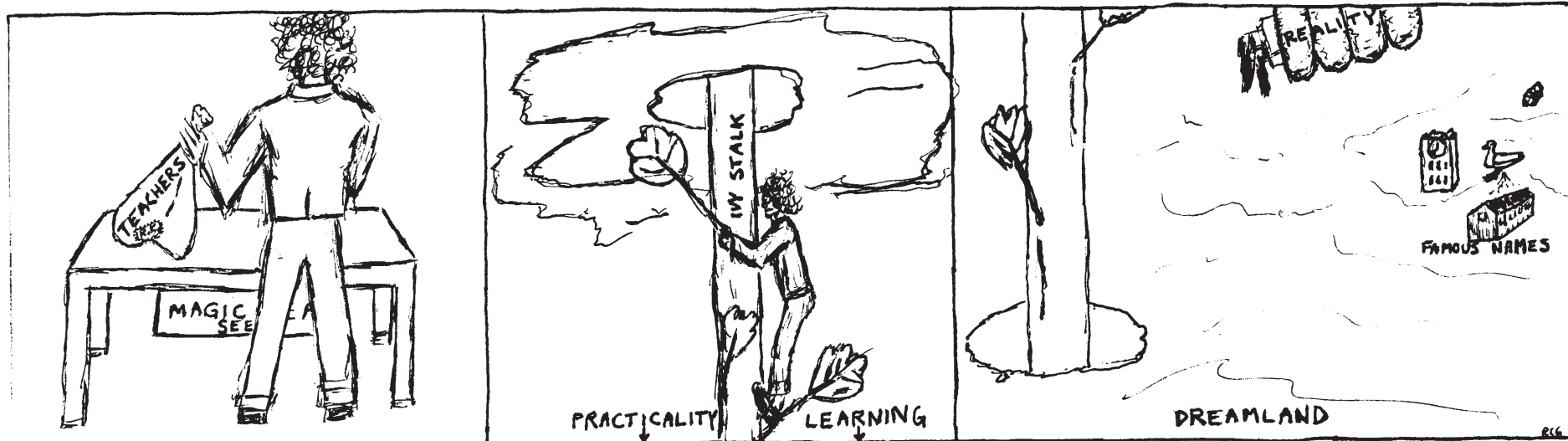
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COLLEGE MARKETING

D. C. Denison's article on college marketing in the 4/10 issue of The New York Times made clear public and private institution's need for increases in enrollment. The number of high school graduates is down after the post war "baby boom" and as many as 300 colleges are predicted to close by the 1990's. This creates competition between colleges for enrollment.

However, this does not justify market competition through admissions departments. The idea of education as a commodity fosters a materialistic attitude. Milton and Rose Friedman suggest in their book Free to Choose, that everyone should have the opportunity to take advantage of higher education--"provided that he or she is willing to pay for it either currently or out of the higher income the schooling will enable him or her to earn". This proposal destroys the idea that education has a value of its own. Colleges and universities exist with the purpose of educating the students. It is true that certain vocational institutions and business schools train (as opposed to educate) students in particular careers. But the universities named in the Denison article are liberal arts institutions.

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CAMPUS NEWS:

The Bard College Center's Intergenerational Seminar Series will resume this month with topics on "The Twentieth Century American Woman in Fiction," "Arabs and Jews #2," and "Art in Progress-And You."

The Seminars, designed to bring students and community residents together to discuss topics of mutual interest, meet one night a week for four consecutive weeks. The intellectual and cultural appeal of these seminars comes from the exchange of ideas among people of different ages and walks of life, as well as in the expertise of the faculty.

"Arabs and Jews #2," is conducted by Professor Justus Rosenberg. The seminar is, by request, an extension of the one offered last fall. Its main thrust is to assess the current developments and prospects for peace in the Middle East. Professor Rosenberg, a frequent visitor to Israel, Egypt, and Jordan, was in Lebanon during the Israeli incursion into that country in the summer of 1982. His observations are not only based on his first-hand experience in the Middle East but upon a critical analysis of the political, social, and cultural contacts between Arabs and Jews throughout history.

"Art in Progress - And You," is conducted by Bard Center Associate and former curator of the Nassau Community College Firehouse Gallery, Leonard Goldblatt. This seminar includes four demonstrations and talks with a slide presentation for each session. Each session will give the "student" an opportunity to witness a work in progress. Using the materials for the theme, the lecturer will work at the easel giving a running account of how to make use of watercolor, collage, acrylics, and the printmakers media.

"The twentieth Century American Woman in Fiction," is conducted by Dutchess Community College faculty member Susan Nagel. Through the works of Edith Wharton, Ernest Hemingway, John Steinbeck, Tillie Olsen and others, participants explore the questions: What are the roles of the 20th Century American woman as portrayed in fiction, and are they perceived differently by male and female writers?

The Photography Department at Bard College is sponsoring a free Photography Lecture Series this month which features noted photographers -- Bill Dane and Philip Perkis, and critic and historian Marvin Hoshino.

Photographer Philip Perkis will show and discuss his work on Thursday, April 28 at 7:30 p. m. in the Blum Institute. Perkis is Chairman of the Photography Department at Pratt.

A panel discussion, "Student Involvement in Government," will be presented by Eleanor Roosevelt's Val-Kill, Inc. (ERVK) in the Campus Center Theatre in Champagne Hall at Marist College on Tuesday, April 19, 1983 at 4 p. m.

The program will focus on the experiences and interaction of three students of the 1930's and five students of the 1980's. Problems facing America today are not too different from those in the 30's. Comparison will be made and a plan of action for today's youth will be addressed.

The featured participants are James Frederick Green, Viola Ilma and Jack Richard McMichael of the 1930's and Robert Eisman, Bard College, Annette Martin, Dutchess Community College, Barbara Demeter, Marist College and Franklin Fink, Vassar College of the 1980's.

The panel discussion will begin with each participant addressing the group regarding political involvement and view of public service. A moderated discussion will be held among the participants followed by audience participation. A commentary will complete the program.

The work of three Milton Avery Visiting Professors of Art at Bard -- Elaine de Kooning, Stephen Greene, and Grace Hartigan -- will be the featured exhibition at the Edith C. Blum Art Institute until May 8.

The semester-long Milton Avery Professorship in the Arts was established at Bard in honor of the late American painter Milton Avery. It was established by his wife, Sally Avery, founder of the Milton and Sally Avery School of the Arts Foundation, and Eric, W. Goldman, a member of the Bard College Center Board of Directors.

Grace Hartigan is the fourth and current artist to occupy the professorship. She was preceded by Stephen Greene and Elaine de Kooning. Sculptor George Sugarman was the first person to hold the chair.

"The presence of these artists on campus has had an impact on students and faculty alike," says Blum Director, Linda Weintraub. "Their unique approaches to art have now expanded the realm of options we all share. The program that brought them to the Bard campus was designed to supplement the traditional academic program and to broaden the student's exposure to various approaches to both teaching and to creating. This exhibition will enhance the initial goal of the program to extend horizons, deepen perceptions, and intensify the appreciation of the arts. A much broader public will have the opportunity to benefit."

Born within four years of each other, de Kooning, Greene, and Hartigan found their individual expressions in the Abstract Expressionist mode, explains Ann Schoenfeld, exhibition catalogue essayist. The beginning of their careers coincided with the emergence of field and gestural abstraction, she says. Their mentors, among them Willem de Kooning and Philip Guston, later became the cornerstones of the American avant-garde, and of advance art of the second half of the 20th century.

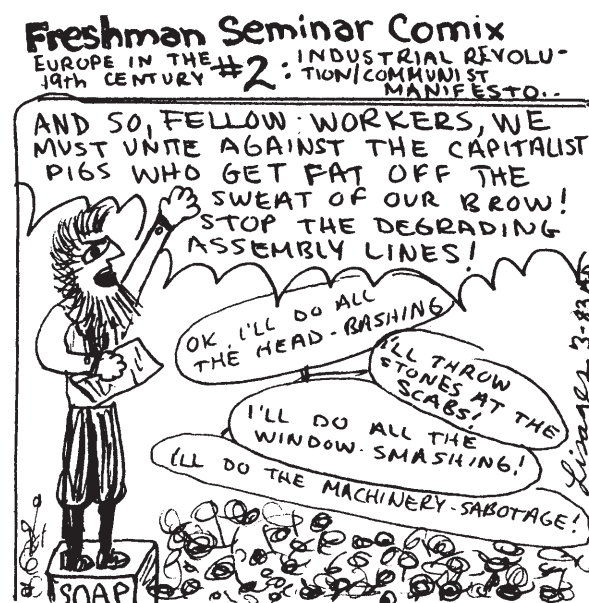
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Liberal Arts colleges and universities are unique from all other institutions of learning. They have the opportunity to take the minds of students who have been tasting bits of education for years in high schools and boarding schools and serve a feast of knowledge from which the students can gorge. For four years young people can think and learn and explore because they want to, not because they eventually will contribute to the American Economy. This ideal is lost when administrators and professors reduce the significance of each student by creating an advertising game as to which campus is prettier and has better jobs programs.

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For Sale: Two dark brown couches and some modern white tables. Also a kitchen table and a desk chair. Contact Box 944.

Lost: One upper lip. If found please return to Box 89. Thank you.

Those things are not important in comparison to the quality of the education provided. If the colleges are worried about enrollment, increased expenditures for the academic departments will in the long run, attract more students, benefiting both the colleges and students more than full-color posters.

Laura Wendt

CONFESSIONS OF A NEUROTIC

by Stephen X

It is imperative to the civilization of Bard that we have the bookstore. It provides us with the necessities of life which sustain us, like cigarettes and greeting cards. Personally, I appreciate their vast array of shampoos, but that does not justify the prices they charge. This has been gnawing away at me for a whole semester--the prices. There can be no debate that shopping at the local Jamesway is more economically reasonable. A car though, is very necessary for such an undertaking. Not every student at Bard has a moving vehicle.

At this point of the argument, which took two weeks to integrate into my brain, I entered the Bard Bookstore with an appropriate attitude. I decided to check my resentment one more time, and with the solitary Charms pop that I desired, I went to the cashier.

"Ten cents," she stated. "Eleven with tax."

"Why?" I asked. I was resentful at that point. Very much so. Who carries pennies around for tax?

"There is a penny tax on ten cents," the cashier explained unexcitedly.

I was ready to devote my daily allowance of energy on an argument, but an idea came to me. It was too good to be true, fulfilling every bit of frustration the bookstore had put in me. SHOPLIFT!

I paid with a nickel and a dime and received four pennies. I then snuck out of the bookstore with an evil grin, plotting my next fatal visit to them...

The next morning I called up all of my teachers with an artificially nasal voice. I had convinced them that my "nonstop vomiting" and "vicious fever" were not conducive to academic studies that day. How could I possibly be distracted by classes when I had timed the precise moment of my shoplifting? The previous night I sat in my room weighing estimated population shifts of the bookstore during various times of the day. There had to be enough people in there to keep the employees occupied.

What should I wear to a shoplifting? And even more importantly: what should I take? I cackled as I envisioned myself in a huge trenchcoat, stuffing cases of Bard glasses and sweat pants into my numerous pockets. I had paid their horrible prices long enough! I would finally reap my just rewards...

"Steve. Hey, STEVE, wake up!"

"Oh, hi," I said to the caller. I then choked, having noticed how bright the fluorescent lights seemed that day. "Do these lights seem brighter today?" I asked my friend.

She gave me a terrible stare and I panicked. "Look," I gasped, "I'll see you later." And I ran past her and found myself alone in a room that contained no employees, but a lot of articles of clothing with Bard insignias on them.

There were no articles of clothing in my size! The bookstore caters to large people, and besides I realized that sweat pants would not fit into my miniature pockets. I went over to the candy display refreshed with new ideas, and I found it unattended. What a break. With lightning speed and newly discovered dexterity, I grabbed some bags of M&Ms, a Three Musketeers bar, cherry flavored cough drops and four Chunkies. I planned to stuff them in my clothes as I quickly visited the art supplies.

When I reached the art supply/notebook area, my eyes caught sight of a luminous mirror glaring directly at me from the wall. It reflected my pale, slightly greenish face. I quickly passed a person into the adjoining room and was once again alone. Sighing, I stuffed the M&Ms into my pocket, but then dropped my Three Musketeers bar in surprised anguish. I had the wrong Chunkies! I loathe the little raisins in chocolate. How could anybody tolerate that? I had to exchange them for the solid chocolate ones. There could be no substitution.

Could people see the outline of the cough drop box in my back pocket? I practiced a debonair stroll back to the candy rack. Stupidly, I put the Three Musketeers in my sock, underneath my blue jeans. It had moved to an odd angle, ready to fall out of my sock.

Someone sneezed behind me. My fright had sent the unwanted Chunkies flying, and my heart palpitations had kept me from doing anything about them. Meanwhile my sock was no longer able to support the Three Musketeers. I wanted to cry.

Finally I saw the coast clearing at the candy rack as I feigned interest in a housekeeping-type magazine. An advertisement questioned the need for feminine protection. I was ready for any kind of help when I exchanged my chunkies for the normal kind and slipped them into my pocket. I was almost

ready to leave! I never knew that five minutes could take so long. It was too good to be true for the Three Musketeers bar slipped out of my sock and landed gently on my sneaker. With unconvincing swiftness, I placed it back on the rack, pitying anyone that would unknowingly eat it.

And all this time nobody really paid any attention to me.

I wanted one more take, just one more. I had to have fireballs, which were situated on the check-out counter--a real challenge! I drooled at the prospect and placed myself on line. While I monitored my heart palpitations, I noticed the guy in front of me had bent over to sign for a charge slip, obstructing my view of the cashier. How perfect! The cashier couldn't see my clenched fist filled with fireballs. They dropped smoothly and silently into my pocket. The guy in front of me left.

"Are you going to charge?" The cashier had asked me. I stared at her with mock outrage. How did she catch me? I imagined the Red Hook police station, my jail cell, a sadistic prisonmate.

"Cash or charge? Do you want the magazine?"

I had forgotten that my other free hand was holding that damned housekeeping magazine! I laughed nervously. "Of course," I croaked.

"A dollar fifty plus tax," the cashier declared.

The next day, at 10:45 a.m., Eastern Standard Time, I entered the bookstore, having calculated it as the perfect minute. This was the triumphant moment that I would begin to rob them blind.

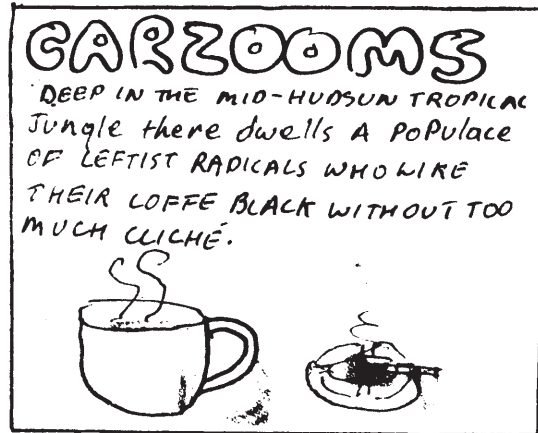
I had forgotten a trenchcoat! My mind raced as I passed through the turnstile in my mere two-pocketed jacket. It was one of those freak winter days when the temperature was in the upper fifties. My palms were unnecessarily moist. I purposely ignored any person in the place that I would normally recognize.

"Hi, Steve!" Someone had yelled from the magazine rack. I cringed as I tried to identify the voice as well as scrutinize the employees reactions. Why was it taking so long?

I bought the magazine, tax and all. As I walked out of the door the warm winds felt cold against my sweaty body. I vowed never to return to the bookstore again, despite their nice shampoos and all. What would I do with a useless magazine and transitory candy?

continued on page 5





CARZOOM BY FABIAN - GUD - JESSIE - KATE

Edgar kept scratching his ass, hemorrhoids had plagued him for years. He looked about the room for something to read, his life lost interest after he read all of Chandler's novels. He found nothing desirable at the moment, so he decided to paint. A cockroach appeared from beneath the bathtub in the soiled bathroom.



END

THE BARD LATE SHOW

by J. G. Salvucci

I had a strange dream the other day. I imagined that it was early morning. I woke up, got dressed, and started on my way to breakfast and life in general. I shoved my sunglasses into my pocket and tried to recall what the weatherman was planning for today. Looking at the sky, I somehow wished that I had listened to my mother and bought some raingear the last time I was home.

The damp air was crawling up my sleeves and trailing down my back, so I quickened my pace to reach the Commons--I knew though, that I would soon regret my arrival.

I could hear someone behind me, so I started to glance back in hope of finding a friendly face. A sudden flash momentarily blinded me as the sun burst through the haze and warmed the air. There was no one behind me now; I didn't suspect anything, and I just continued onward to the Commons.

At this point, I woke up and glanced at my clock. I figured that four o'clock was just a little too early to get out of bed so I lay there thinking of my dream and of my disappointment in the sudden ending of such a vivid vision.

I must have fallen asleep again, and soon my wonderful dream resumed its pace at about the same place that it had left off at before.

By this time, I was wandering about the empty Commons drinking black coffee. I was a little confused since the food counter was completely full and there were coats and trays scattered about the main dining room, but no sign of life.

I couldn't figure where anyone was. I looked in Stone Row, Seymour, Hopson, Ludlow--there was no one. Of course I began to panic;

I tried to come to some understanding of my situation. I thought of every possible cause from alien kidnappings to nuclear holocaust. I even entertained thoughts of some new, Russian secret weapon, or maybe the entire campus was taken by some nearby cult. Each explanation was as plausible as the next, which of course, was not at all. Why would I be the only one left, the only survivor? Maybe I was insane. Maybe I was hallucinating (I never thought that I might be dreaming and I'm glad since that would have ruined the whole thing). For some reason, I never thought to use a telephone or leave campus (you know how dreams are).

I decided that it would be best to stop trying to analyze my situation and just relax and enjoy the privacy. I cooked a good breakfast, for a change, and went on my way.

After discovering some master keys in the Buildings and Grounds Office, I found few impediments to my adventures. As I walked into rooms and offices (I figured that it would be better if I didn't explore the storeroom of the Commons). My boldness increased as the day progressed, and I found myself conveniently picking up anything that I might like and singing loudly to myself.

I realized, though, that life was different now; since no one was around I didn't have to bother to do anything that I might only do when

they were there.

I stopped glancing over my shoulder and I left doors open and lights on. I left my considerable pile of wealth behind a rock and began to run and jump and climb. I walked wherever I wanted and did whatever I might think of doing. South Bay was warm and (as if things weren't strange enough) clean. I swam for hours and then, since it was so warm, travelled with only my sunglasses, as I explored the woods. I completely forgot all of my problems; I didn't care. I was finally alone and free and true.

I had a collection of new found records that I wanted to blast so I returned to my room. Just as I opened the door, I could suddenly feel the air grow damp and see clouds fill the sky.

I heard voices down the hall and I could see someone walk past my window. It was then that I woke up.

After sitting in bed and thinking about my dreams for a bit I strolled to breakfast with a cool breeze at my back. I found a lonely corner in which to sit-- the eggs were burnt and the coffee was bitter...

J. G. Salvucci

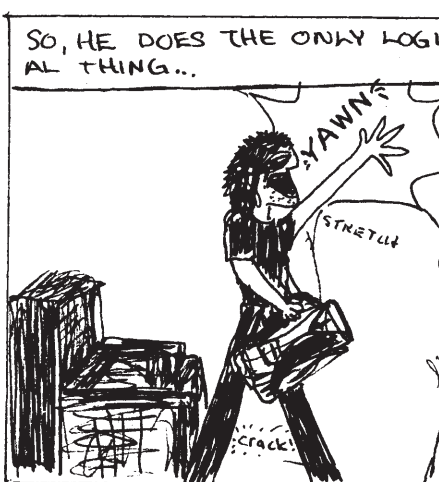
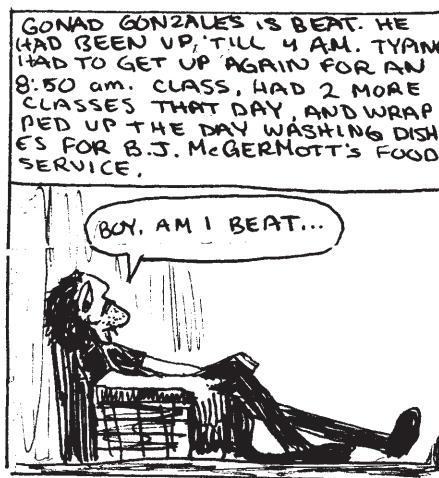
continued from page 4

Candy, I so desperately stole for. It was then that I questioned my neurosis: My mind told me to steal a car, and pay a friendly visit to Jamesway.

IT'S A DRAB, DRAB, DRAB, DRAB WORLD

"TO Z OR NOT TO Z" - episode 1

by: LISACES



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MUG OF BEER

Serendipity

"Where
Incredible
Friendships
Begin"

RECORD REVIEW:

JOIN TOGETHER

by Scott E. Thomas

The Who, by way of their achievements and their longevity, have rightfully become a rock n roll legend. However a living legend, they are not. Anyone who has listened to the dismal It's Hard L. P. or saw them on their oldie-laden 1982 tour can attest to that. Naturally, as with every legend, there are those few who want to grab onto as much of the myth as they can. Join Together (Rarities) is for such people. A few years back, Capitol Records ran out of ways to repack-age their Beatles catalogue, so they decided to issue previously unalbumized B-sides and alternative takes on an album called Rarities. This is where the idea began. Those tracks are left off of albums mostly because they are standard. Hence, the intrinsic problem with all such "rarities" collections is that you have to sit through a lot of trash before you get to the few rare gems.

Historically, most of these songs were recorded between 1970 and 1973, arguably the peak years of The Who. Indeed none of the tracks here are as solid as those on Who's Next (1971) or Quadrophenia (1973), but there is some fine music nevertheless. The title song is the least rare and is merely a nice, innocuous piece that actually implores you to

sing along with it. Also featured is Let's See Action, an obscure single from 1971 and one of Pete Townshend's most instantly memorable melodies. It is almost a satire of a protest song; The Who was never really political. "Let's see action! Let's see people! Let's see freedom! Let's see who cares!" sings Roger Daltrey. A delayed echo effect makes it seem as if the singer is singing to himself and that no one is even bothering to sing along. The two best songs are "I Don't Even Know Myself" and "The Relay". Both are superb Townshend compositions.

Two John Entwistle songs are featured back to back. The chilling "Heaven and Hell" is a child's view of the after-life, while "When I was a Boy" depicts a man longing for that childhood. The former features some fine bass playing by its composer, and some sloppy, but moving, guitar work by Townshend. The latter suffers from a poorly constructed melody.

Join Together contains two of The Who's all-time worst efforts. "Wasp Man" is one of the few Keith Moon compositions. His attempt to put down the drumsticks and pick up the pen is a pure disaster. "Wasp Man" is mainly an instrumental based on a three chord riff over which Moon makes wasp

noises. Horrible. Vocalist Roger Daltrey also tries his hand at writing with the country-flavored "Here for More". It proves that he is an extremely talentless lyricist with absolutely no understanding of country-western music.

The last two songs are interesting. "Water" contains a delightfully scratchy vocal by Daltrey. The record ends with the 1972 live recording of the Holland-Dozier composition "Baby Don't Do It". The recording is poor and the song goes on for far too long, but here and there we do get glimpses of the spark that seems to have gone from their live performances.

Join Together (Rarities) by The Who is an Australian release that is widely available in America for a whopping \$11.00. The packaging is cheap, the liner notes are minimal, and the engineering is uneven (ranging from decent to poor). However, if you are a devoted Who fan, it can make a nice addition to your collection.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY REMNANTS



Photos by Matt Wittchell

SPORTS

SOFTBALL SEASON

by Andrew Glasser and Aaron Glasser

The smell of spring is finally in the air, and when spring comes so does softball. One of the eleven intramural teams can always be seen out practicing on the field. The fans and "unfriendly" are always out there jeering or cheering as the case may be.

The question now seems to be, "Who will win it all?" All of the teams are talking pretty tall, but which team will win the finals.

The faculty team, led by Mark Lytle, is as strong as always, but it is missing last season's star shortstop Steve Andors. Does that mean that Forrest and Serendipity will run away with the title? We doubt it.

Sky Zoo, led by Dave Colon, and Deo Volente, led by Vinnie Stoll, have already proven themselves to the strong ball clubs. Don't count any team out yet!

Our prediction: DEO VOLENTE

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ROAD SERVICE

1983 BARD COLLEGE INTRAMURAL SOFTBALL SCHEDULE

Fri.	4/22	4 v 8	5:30 pm
Mon.	4/25	10 v 2	5:30 pm
		1 v 7	6:30 pm
Tues.	4/ 6	3 v 6	5:30 pm
		4 v 11	6:30 pm
Wed.	4/27	5 v 8	5:30 pm
		1 v 2	6:30 pm
Thurs.	4/28	6 v 7	5:30 pm
		3 v 4	6:30 pm
Fri.	4/29	8 v 9	5:30 pm
		10 v 11	6:30 pm
Mon.	5/2	8 v 10	5:30 pm
		6 v 9	6:30 pm
Tues.	5/3	5 v 1	5:30 pm
		7 v 10	6:30 pm
Wed.	5/4	8 v 11	5:30 pm
		4 v 5	6:30 pm
Thurs.	5/5	1 v 3	5:30 pm
		2 v 4	6:30 pm
Fri.	5/6	7 v 9	5:30 pm
		6 v 11	6:30 pm
Mon.	5/9	5 v 3	5:30 pm
		7 v 11	6:30 pm
Tues.	5/10	9 v 11	5:30 pm
		6 v 8	6:30 pm
Wed.	5/11	2 v 5	5:30 pm
		1 v 4	6:30 pm
Thurs.	5/12	2 v 3	5:30 pm
		9 v 11	6:30 pm
Fri.	5/13	10 v 6	5:30 pm

CLERMONT RACE

Sunday, May 8, 1983

11:00 a. m.

Coordinated by the Bard College Athletic Department.

Sponsored by Forerunner Fitness, Inc. Rhinebeck

Route: Begins at Clermont State Park parking lot, south on Woods Rd., east on Broadway, south on Montgomery St., east on Kidd Lane, south on Logging Rd. to Ward Manor, south on Annandale Rd. to Blithewood.

Report to: Gym between 9:30 and 10:00 a. m. for registration and storage of gear. Transportation will be provided to the start.

Entry Fee: \$5.00

Awards: Medals for the top three runners in each group.

Picnic at Blithewood for all runners after the race.

See Joel Tomson for more details.

TEAM #	TEAM NAME	LEAGUE	TEAM CAPTAIN
1	Sky Zoo	AL	Dave Colon
2	I' cons	AL	Tobin Rodriguez
3	Deo Volente	AL	Vinnie Stoll
4	Pork	AL	Jack Rice
5	Faculty/Staff	AL	Mark Lytle
6	Hargett's Heroes	NL	John Noakes
7	Serendipity	NL	Forrest Close
8	Keto Enols	NL	Rick Lewit
9	Masterbatters	NL	Henry Berger
10	Tula's Team	NL	Eric Madsen
11	Ringo's Raider	NL	David Korn

ANNOUNCEMENT

A PARTY WILL BE GIVEN AT WARD MANOR ON SATURDAY, APRIL 30TH, FROM 2 P.M. TO 5 P.M. WITH ACOUSTIC MUSIC, BEER AND GAMES, AND FROM 7 P.M. TO LATE, FEATURING "ERED" ELECTRIC MUSIC AND BEER. ALL ARE INVITED.



1983 MEN'S VARSITY TENNIS SCHEDULE

Sat.	April 23rd	NAIA District 31 Championship at Concordia	9:00 a. m.
Tues.	April 26th	Dutchess Community College	4:00 p. m.
Sat.	April 30th	NAC Open Championships at Bard	9:00 a. m.
Mon.	May 2nd	at SUNY New Paltz	3:30 p. m.
Thurs.	May 5th	Nyack College	4:00 p. m.
Fri.	May 6th	at Dowling College	4:00 p. m.
Sat.	May 7th	at SUNY Purchase	2:00 p. m.

1983 WOMEN'S SOFTBALL

Sat.	April 23rd	Union Tournament at Union College	10:00 p. m.
Sun.	April 24th	" " " " "	
Mon.	April 25th	Berkshire Community College at Bard*	4:00 p. m.
Wed.	April 27th	at Columbia-Greene Community College*	4:00 p. m.
Thurs.	April 28th	at Skidmore College*	4:00 p. m.
Sat.	April 30th	NAC Tourney at Berkshire CC	10:00 p. m.
Mon.	May 2nd	at Russell Sage College	3:30 p. m.

* - League games
D - Doubleheader